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the artist is perceived in his freedom and facility; but it must not be forgotten, that true facility of execution can only result from a profound knowledge of the subject treated, and over which a thorough mastery has been acquired. There are artists of immortal celebrity, whose works have no claim to this freedom, and this modest reserve on their part, may perhaps be attributed to the very earnestness with which they have studied nature; since, little satisfied with themselves, they preferred to investigate further and further still, and showed in this as much application as would have done credit to mere students. Such efforts in great masters are always evidence of a noble and conscientious delicacy. I have no hesitation in declaring that such minds, while their physical powers are true to them, so far from producing a succession of inferior works, are always in a state of progress.

The advantages which result from facility of execution depend greatly upon contingencies; and, as far as my own opinion goes, I attach little value to it, unless as the result of profound knowledge.

After having shown how an inquiring mind forms its judgment by slow degrees, and shuns with equal care that false enthusiasm which too easily springs up in minds of a generous and impressive character, and that cold reasoning which receives no impression at all, far be it from me to advise him who examines a picture to proceed at first so methodically, for every work of Art should be examined in the same spirit it is conceived in. The artist brings to his work all the energies of his soul, therefore take you care in your judgment to distinguish between imagination, sentiment, and thought—all these powers are in equal force here. This is especially to be seen in classical compositions. Let, then, the critic remain passive, and leave himself to be acted upon by the work before him; let him then consider it attentively, so that the very spirit of the work may speak to him in his own language; and even as the artist in the expression of the idea has entrusted to reason the care of scrutinizing, of weighing, and of rejecting the materials to be employed, so the true connoisseur, making use also of his reason, should examine and weigh the impressions he first receives, to the end that he may separate the false from the true.

Those who are born with a true genius for criticism (and it is those only who should be permitted to deliver their judgments to the public), are generally correct in their first impressions; but when it becomes necessary to give a reason for their belief, and to communicate their impressions to others, they must have recourse to mental labor, and the method such as I have pointed out, seems to me to lead most surely to the desired end.

Thus a superficial, ill-natured, and personal critic, appears to me despicable, to the same extent that I esteem a judicious and even severe one, provided that the severity arises from a love of truth. It is proved by experience, that we cannot always judge soundly of the productions of one's own mind; it is proper, then, to abstain from regarding with mockery and ill-will the works of those artists who exhibit a true love of Art and an earnest desire to improve themselves. Sarcasm and irony should be exercised, then, only against self-conceit, even though joined to great powers; in such a case only can irony be useful; for self-esteem, advancing in a false direction, can the more easily deceive and seduce itself the more it is accompanied by talent. Since the production of a work of Art, of whatever class, demands the conjunction and activity of the highest faculties with which the Creator has endowed the soul of man—a feeling of imagination and of thought—and since the domain of the artist is altogether ideal and boundless, it is kindness and love, not irony and sarcasm that should await upon the efforts of those who have entered on so noble a calling.

Correspondence.

FLORENCE, January 17, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. CRAYON:—I understand you have started a publication devoted to the interests and promotion of the Fine Arts in America. I am glad to hear it. It shows that the great work of progress in the United States has another and efficient hand laid to it, in good earnest. Allow me to offer the hearty welcome and sympathy of a fellow-laborer in the same field.

Go on, Mr. Crayon, and may we meet together in the glorious consummation of our high purposes, the realizing of an era for our country that shall more than equal, eclipse the days of a Tenth Leo and a Lorenzo di Medici. May we be there to greet each other in mutual congratulation on the happy results of our labors in the good cause, and to exclaim before an acknowledging world "we did it."

I have but one objection to your paper—its name. I do not like it. In my opinion THE CRAYON is all stuff—obsolete and behind the times. The great lever to set the ball in motion is the *Old Masters*. We should be above going back. As a nation, we are already too great and glorious to start at the beginning of anything. The start we must make in the Fine Arts should be at the very point of excellence, where the old masters left off. It is most consistent with the true American principle; nothing less should we aspire to. We are the people to do it: and we will. Rely upon it, at the very first leap we shall not only astonish the old world, but run it out of sight; and they will have to come to us to learn of Art, as they have been obliged to do, to learn how to build steamships.

How, it may be asked, are we to obtain such a start as the leaving-off-place of the old masters, comparatively destitute, as we are, of examples of their great achievements? This shall be shortly answered—we shall have them—and I am he that will accomplish it—I announce the fact, in advance, and do it fearlessly. I never yet failed in anything I have set my mind to, and I should like to know the thing that can not be done as well as another, when a true-blooded American sets about it.

In this spirit I have begun the collection of a gallery of works by the old masters, which I intend shall be the most perfect that has ever been made—with, possibly, the exception of the Louvre in the time of Napoleon. I doubt not that when the matter becomes known to the world, attempts will be made to divert this great national boon from our country. Fear not. It will be useless. No temptations can affect the integrity of my purposes. I look, beyond all insignificant considerations of the present, to the higher ambition of future usefulness to my country.

My collection, I intend, when completed, to present to our city of Manhattan, with express stipulations that a superb building shall be erected for its preservation, and free admission allowed to the public, on all occasions, with the privilege of copying to artists. This privilege, however, to be restricted so far that no copy shall be made of the exact size of the original; lest, at some future time, the copy should be passed off for the genuine work—thus raising

questions as to its authenticity. Further precaution should be taken, that no original on panel shall be copied on panel, and if on canvas, some other material should be employed. I shall further require that every work shall be secured under plate glass, with a case closed by double locks, the keys of which shall be under special charge of the mayor of the city, never to be used unless by express act of the corporation. My motive for this precaution, is to avoid the risk of copies being exchanged for originals—as has been often done in the galleries of Europe.

The idea of forming such a collection, occurred to my mind many years ago. "Great oaks from little acorns grow;" and I am not ashamed to confess, that this acorn fell from a catalogue of "sale of valuable and rare works by the old masters," which, by some unaccountable chance, came under the hammer of our ancient friend Levy. Unfortunately it did not meet my eye until the sale was over, and then, to my surprise, I ascertained that an undoubtedly original picture by Michael Angelo had been sacrificed for nine dollars—two Correggios at six dollars each, and four Raphaels had only fetched fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents—frames included. At the same time many other productions of illustrious masters of Art were sold at similar rates. About the same time chance also threw in my way a statement in one of the Sunday papers, that for a little picture by Correggio, just a foot square, I dare not say how many thousand pounds had been paid in England; and that the French government had offered ten thousand pounds for a picture by Sebastian del Piombo—a mere scholar of Michael Angelo—which had been refused. Is it possible, thought I, such ignorance can exist in the old world, especially in the land of our forefathers, of the real value of works of ancient Art. I also learned, with amazement, of the fabulous prices said to have been paid, both in England and on the continent, for works by living artists, and took no little pains to assure myself of the fact, that our own first-rate artists would gladly execute works five times as large for five per cent. of the money.

I became restless in the routine of duller business in which I was engaged, and longed to be at work upon a field, to which I feel myself peculiarly qualified. I kept my secret, however, brooded over and matured my plans, and at last, making a lucky hit, by selling out in just the nick of time, here I am over head and ears in the great work.

At first I felt inclined to be sly in my movements, and, Indian like, to cover up my tracks as I went, to avoid followers. But, with the greatness and glory of the undertaking my ideas have expanded. I find the field of labor far more ample than I anticipated, and room enough for others who may be ambitious of emulating my example. Indeed, my chief purpose in addressing this letter to you is, that the information it contains may be as widely circulated as possible, and that many prevailing errors as to the feasibility of procuring authentic works by the old masters, at very reduced and reasonable prices, may be corrected.

These errors have arisen from a variety of causes. It has even been asserted that the finest works by the old masters are not

to be bought at any price, if to be found at all, out of the long-established galleries of Europe. I know this to be a very great mistake. It requires but power of judgment, and penetration, to discover them anywhere in Italy. How these fellows must have worked—shaming the snail-pace of our modern men of Art! In every town of Italy there are emporiums of Art where these treasures may be purchased, and at prices perfectly astonishing. The reason for which is obvious. Picture dealers are a proverbially honest set of men, and scorn to demand prices beyond a moderate profit on their merchandise. Their consciences will not allow them to ask an exorbitant price for a Dominichino, for example, when it is a well-known fact that he received but eighty dollars for his great picture of St. Jerome, in the Vatican. Many other such instances I could mention of great productions, now rated at enormous valuation, for which little or nothing comparatively was paid to the artists. These times must be brought round again—artists must work more than they do, and be paid less—they must trust more to the dealers, and less to private purchasers of their works, who speculate in the most shameful manner upon them—often investing the money paid for their productions in a way that calls for the action of a law to restrain their usurious appetites for gain.

It has surprised me very much to find how many fine works of ancient time and names are to be met with in the most out-of-the-way places. Strange as it may seem, the shoemakers in Italy have a remarkable propensity to the business. Several of the largest dealers in Rome showed me their wonderful collections, with the strap in one hand and a half sole in the other, and often wiped the dust from a Raphael with a wax-soiled apron. It was for a long time that I tried in vain to get the clue to this affinity between Art and leather, but I have at length made the discovery of a theory upon the subject, which, as soon as I have thoroughly matured, I may give the world the benefit of (perhaps through the columns of your paper). I hoped to have received from an artist in Rome some aid in ravelling this question. But he, jealous as all artists are, and ever disposed to say ill-natured things of dealers in old pictures, pretended to discover nothing more of a reason than that they take it in the course of trade, in a very natural way—now vamping a pair of boots for an original Titian, and putting on a pair of heel-taps for a Claude or Salvator Rosa. This is too preposterous to be believed, and yet it might almost be so, for the very moderate prices at which they will dispose of their gems—that is, if you are up to the right way of dealing with them, as they not unfrequently ask you fifty dollars for a genuine Leonardo da Vinci, for which, sooner than lose a customer, they will take five. Such, however, has been the indifference of travellers of late years to the acquisition of works by the old masters, with the exception of a few unprejudiced Americans, who are now almost the sole purchasers of such rare works, that dealers have become desperate. Hence it is that now is a most favorable time to buy. I have heard of a purchase made some time since at Leghorn, of a whole gallery that I unfortunately missed the chance of, much to my regret. An American gentleman acci-

dentally dropped into a dealer's, in that place, merely from an impulse of curiosity, and without any serious intention of buying. Struck by the array of great names attached to the works, and the very massive frames around many of them, he ventured to ask the price of several that struck his fancy. They ranged, however, rather above his mark, and, more in jest than earnest, he ventured to ask the owner how much he would take for the whole collection. It was summed up, and reached the large figure of thirty thousand dollars. Thinking to make a safe retreat, he offered the man three hundred; would you believe it, Mr. Crayon, he took him up! As I understand, the lucky purchaser has no fixed purpose in view with regard to his acquisition. I shall open a communication with him on the subject, and have strong hopes of being able to obtain possession of the whole collection.

Nothing has surprised me so much as the apathy that exists among travellers of all other nations than our own, in availing themselves of the opportunities that constantly are presented of collecting veritable works by the old masters. Many years ago the English did much in this way, but of late have given it up entirely. The truth is, they have shown great want of moral courage in the business, and have allowed themselves to be humbugged and laughed out of it by the artists and *soi disant* connoisseurs at home. Besides which, such is the doggedness of character of the English that they prefer the home manufacture of old masters to the real thing, and in all respects are utterly deficient in that shrewdness, as well as taste, essential in meddling with such matters. They buy Raphaels at enormous prices, without discovering that the panels on which they are painted are of British oak. Indeed, such is their conceit of the superiority of everything English that they actually value them the more for it. So dull are they in comprehending the most simple, yet important considerations, in regard to the integrity of an original work of Art, that one half of the best works, of which they boast so much, by Velasquez and Murillo, Vandyke and Rubens, are on Bolognese canvas. Now no American could be so taken in.

I have made the peculiarities of materials employed by the old masters a special study; and, I flatter myself it would be no easy matter to deceive me therein. It is the very first thing I look to in testing the genuineness of a work of Art. I am up to all the varieties of panels and grounds of every school and period, the minutest distinctions in the cloths of the Bolognese, Venetians, Florentines and Romans. Nine times in ten I can tell to what school a picture belongs, and often by whom it is painted, without seeing the face of it. There are some who pretend to insinuate that dealers buy up old cloths and panels, and have pictures to match, painted on them—that they have methods of cracking, smoking and baking them into a proper age, and that they even go so far as to manufacture originals out of inferior old copies. All this I look upon as unworthy of thought or credit, sheer inventions of modern artists, who are ever jealous of the just appreciation bestowed by all acutely critical judgments upon the unrivalled works of ancient times, with which their own have no chance in fair and open competition. I have even heard treated

with suspicion the certificates—the very receipts of the artists who produced these old originals—although bearing all the authenticity of time-stained paper and faded ink, and further verified by the assurance of the dealer, “upon his honor,” that he had received them, in the most direct manner, from some ancient and most respectable family, to whom the picture once belonged.

The greatest difficulty that I have yet encountered, has arisen from the extreme jealousy, and precaution consequent thereon, of the governments in not allowing rare and valuable works to be taken from the country. They are well aware that the whole dependence of Italy rests on her works of ancient Art. I could, by dilatation on this subject, show you that the only means of existence of the whole population of Italy is dependent upon the money expended among them by travellers who come hither for the purpose of seeing these wonders. I have thoroughly explored the whole matter, having posted night and day over the great thoroughfares, from Naples to Rome and from Rome hither. The very beggars look to them as their only reliance. But I have so much to say upon matters of deeper interest that I cannot spare the space.

All the governments have their inspectors, whose business it is to see that no valuable work of ancient Art is suffered to escape. But these fellows are easily managed, and are almost invariably the veriest iguoramuses in their business. If I were an inspector I could show them something—but I will not let even a hint escape me, at all events, until I complete my collection, and get it out of harm's way. To show you how little such men are qualified for their position; when I was in Rome I was lucky to secure many works of great value. In all, I had collected about one hundred and fifty; many of considerable size, and ranging through all the great names, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Guido, Dominichino, Claude, Salvator Rosa, etc., etc., etc. Taking as my data the well-known prices paid for similar productions, as for instance those purchased by the British and other governments, and the recent sale of Marshal Soult's collection, where a single picture by Murillo (no great thing after all, I can assure you, and I even doubt its originality) brought 600,000 francs—I was alarmed by the prospect of utter ruin, when I found out that the Pope's inspector would have to make a valuation on my collection; and that, if permitted at all to send them from the country, an *ad valorem* export duty of 20 per cent would be exacted. I was in despair. I applied to our minister, but he could give me no aid. I thought of memorializing Congress for assistance, which I finally determined upon as a dernier resort. My purposes were certainly of a sufficiently national character to warrant their interference, even to the sending, if necessary, of a national vessel to Civita Vecchia to receive my treasures. At length the eventful day came. The inspector must have had some inkling of trouble from our government if any effort were made to prevent my sending home my property, or any indirect prohibition attempted by the exaction of the duty. He seemed under much embarrassment, and affected an affability evidently put on to disguise some hidden motive. Many of my finest pictures he did not look at at all, and very coolly asked

me, after glancing at one or two, how many there were in all. To my amazement and relief he asked if a dollar apiece was too much to value them at. If I thought so, he would make it a round hundred for the whole. At first I thought he meant it for a joke, but he was in earnest. I was stupefied with joy and amazement, and actually trembled with excitement as I paid down the thirty dollars. You can well understand with what eagerness I set to work to get the collection, as rapidly as possible, out of reach of discovery by the higher powers, cheated through the ignorance and carelessness of their inspector. It is true, the boxing and packing cost me a good round sum, a little over the amount originally paid for them; but what of that? I considered myself a lucky man, and gloried in the successful achievement of having secured to my country such a collection.

Having got this off, I remained some time longer in Rome, to see if there was anything more worth having to be picked up. Little was to be found. I had completely exhausted the market for the present; and had done it so dashing, that the dealers had scarcely time to recover from the panic it had occasioned. Prices immediately rose and agents were dispatched in every direction to hunt for more.

One night, as I was about going to bed, my padrone knocked mysteriously at my door, and informed me that a person desired a word in private with me. I am always nervous about anything like private interviews and confidential communications here in Italy, and was about refusing myself, when a venerable old man, in flowing beard and silvery locks, enveloped in an enormous cloak, stood before me. In an instant, the door was closed—the retreating steps of my padrone died away, and we were alone together.

"Eccola, signore," exclaimed my visitor, at the same time unfolding from beneath his cloak an ancient panel, deliciously worm-eaten and venerable with antiquity.

There was no mistake about that panel.

"Raphael!" I exclaimed.

"A ragione," he uttered, with a heaving sigh, expressive of the deepest ill-suppressed suffering.

His story was soon told. He was the last of a house once princely. He wanted bread. This picture had never been seen or heard of out of his family. Raphael had painted it expressly for, and had presented it to, a contemporary princess of his family. Thus, to this day, had it been preserved. There was a story of gallantry in connection with the picture (handsome fellow as the painter was, and more addicted to such adventures than might appear altogether creditable in our day), which I am bound in honor not to disclose. An original letter of his, in reference to the picture, was exhibited. I could not well make it out, but I am sure that it was all right. There was no mistake about the panel, that's certain. The family would only dispose of it to an American, and to go to America—Christopher Columbus and Vespucci were Italians—the sympathies of all Italians were warm towards America. My patriotism, pride, every high impulse was touched. I bought the picture, with the express stipulation that the whole affair should be kept secret until it was safely out of reach of the harpies of the

government. How much I paid for it, I dare not tell—at all events, not yet.

The next thing to be done was to get it safely off. Here again my ingenuity helped me. I put it in the bottom of a large trunk, pasted over it some old American newspapers, with which I relined the whole, and set off with all expedition and secrecy. Glad was I to find myself in the diligence for Civita Vecchia, with my trunk stowed away; but I was still in constant fear of detection. At the gate on leaving Rome—along the road—at every post-house, the *gens d'armes* that I met, or that peered into the window, put me in a cold sweat. On reaching the steamer at Civita Vecchia, a very suspicious-looking fellow dogged me to the place of embarkation. His eye was continually upon me, when it was not upon my trunk. At the last moment, he stepped up to me with a ferocious look, and demanded what was in that trunk? I pretended not to understand—in truth, I was too much terrified to answer—my knees knocked together and my teeth chattered. How I was hurried on board the steamer, trunk and all, I know not. The boatman aroused me by a demand for his pay. I held out my hand full of change—he helped himself. I was too happy a man to get off any how, or at any cost.

On the voyage to Leghorn, I was troubled to think how I should get off there. They have a line of telegraphs from Rome to Leghorn, and dispatches might be sent forward to arrest me and my treasure. I felt as we neared the port I was approaching another fearful crisis—but, as we entered, we passed under the stern of a fine ship, with the glorious old gridiron hung out, "—, of New York," greeted my delighted vision. I hailed the ship, for now I felt a bold man. "When do you sail?" "To-morrow." "Can you take a trunk of clothing on board?" "Aye, aye." In a half hour I stood on air. It was safe.

I had to lay in a new supply of shirts and everything else, for every stitch I had in the world, except what was on my back, had gone with my Raphael. But, what of that? Let them go. Who cares, if it is safe? The precious gem!—pure, untouched by profane hands—the very worms in the panel going with it. Happy, proud America, to become its possessor, and more than happy I to be the humble means by which this boon has been conferred upon my country.*

A slight depression that followed the excitement and anxiety I have undergone, is now worn off. In all respects I am span new again, with a bold heart to go-ahead in my great undertaking, as a true American only knows how to go-ahead. I am taking a look around me here to see what can be done—of which I may inform you. Possibly I may return to Rome after awhile.

As yet, I have not turned my attention much to the old statue line; but I may be tempted to do so, as I find a good deal may be done to advantage in that way. I am preparing myself for it. Of my further movements you may hear.

I remain yours, to command in the good cause, T P

* We have not yet heard of the arrival of the picture.—EDS. CRAYON.

PARIS, February 8, 1855.

THE exhibition fever in Paris is beginning to show itself. The extensive galleries intended for the various pictures and statues are hardly erected, and yet artists—some more impatient than their brethren—are already sending in their works. Most of the artists, however, are still at their labors, and faithful to old habits, will not be ready before the 15th March, the last day for the reception of objects destined for the Exhibition. If one can judge by common report, there are few among the nations of the earth who will not be represented in this grand collection. In France, everybody is anxious to display his talents, and as the number of works each artist will be allowed to exhibit is not yet determined, certain it is, the galleries will be overwhelmed, and space will be lacking. May this superabundance of good things not result in a chaos, and may the sober spectator not find himself bewildered and lost in this picturesque labyrinth!

Every picture sent, however, will not be received, and the number admitted will be diminished by the jury of examination. Thus the formation of this jury became a matter of grave import, and artists have been looking for it impatiently. The list finally appeared in the *Moniteur*. The jury, of whom the Count de Nieuwerkerke, Director of the Imperial Museums, is president, is composed of three sections: the first is to pass judgment upon pictures and engravings, the second upon medallions and statues, and the third upon architectural designs. This arrangement is excellent; unfortunately the selection of the juries, although satisfactory with regard to the nomination of some of its members, is less so with others. I mention no names, and in a country where the public is ambitious to be acquainted with every work of Art produced, I do not wish to lessen their expectations; I simply know that French artists are surprised to encounter in the three sections of the jury many names wholly unthought of, and even quite unknown. Certain members of the highest committee have been appointed, who are, doubtless, straight-forward men, but who are closely absorbed with archæological studies of the past, and therefore not the best adapted to judge soundly of modern productions. By the side of these are some persons whom artists have never heard of, and who, perhaps, love neither the Art of this nor of any other day. Let us hope, however, that the great duties the juries have to perform will inspire them, and render them competent to fulfill the difficult task imposed upon them.

Artists, in the meantime, are vigorously preparing for the contest. You are probably aware that the liberal spirit of the regulations permits sculptors and painters to exhibit their old productions. Several patriarchs in the Art and of the Academy will avail themselves of this privilege. And among them, it is believed that M. Ingres, who is the most renowned of the number, will be represented in the exhibition by twenty pictures, the best from his pencil. Report says, that efforts will be made to procure from the Cathedral of Montauban, *The Vow of Louis XIII.*, painted by him in 1824; and from the church of Autun, the *Martyrdom of St. Symphorien*,

painted ten years afterwards. The museum of the *Luxembourg* will contribute *Roger and Angélique*, and *Christ giving the Keys of Paradise to St. Peter*; finally, the wealthy amateurs of Paris will loan various pictures by this master, and M. Ingres will add to the above several portraits just completed. If this intention is carried out, the opportunity will be an excellent one to appreciate at a glance the talent of this master whose originality is so striking, and at the same time, whose incontestable merit gives rise to so many and so grave objections. If Overbeck and Cornelius send any of their productions to the exhibition, how interesting it will be to compare the respective genius of the three; the personality of those just named having exercised on the modern German School an influence at once so apparent and so powerful!

Almost the whole of the school of M. Ingres will figure at his side; even those who, without having worked in his studio, have yet walked in the same paths. M. Gerome is one; his vast composition of *The Age of Augustus*, will be an earnest, conscientious work, but one may easily predict a cold and dry performance—a dull and lifeless picture—such as would drive Rembrandt or Paul Veronese to despair.

There will be no lack of academical productions in the exhibition. Almost every professor of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* will send big canvases, the subjects mainly drawn from the somewhat worn-out history of the Greeks and Romans. The friends and pupils of these artists already anticipate the public mind, and make the welkin ring with praise of their masters. How unwise! More than one reputation created thus with so much trouble by enthusiasts without judgment, will vanish like vapor before the sun when exposed to public criticism.

France is now engaged in paying off a noble debt. She knows that a tomb at least is due to her illustrious dead, and she is about to erect one in honor of the savant, *François Arago*. The committee charged with this pious duty have just completed their statements. They find that with 19,000 francs already in hand, they can erect a monument, simple, it is true, but worthy of the noble astronomer, so much regretted by his country. The work has been confided to the sculptor, David d'Angers, and he has already commenced it. The statue will be placed upon a monumental base of plain design, upon which will be written the various titles of his works, and a list of discoveries made by Arago. David d'Angers is the best calculated to execute this monument, for he knew Arago, was his colleague in politics, and moreover loved him as we all did.

Let us for a moment enter the theatres.

Since my last letter, a ballet has been performed at the Opera, called *La Fonti*. It resembles the ordinary class of ballets; it is given with unusual effect, and with bewitching grace, by the lovely Madame Rosati. The music, not difficult but commonplace, was written by Théodore Labarre, who for some years seems to have confined himself specially to music of this description. With *La Fonti*—Mlle. Cruvelli in the *Huguenots*, and *La Muette de Portici*, where Gardoni proves to be a very competent singer—the opera attracts a brilliant and crowded auditory. In addition

to this wealth of talent, Madame Stoltz, who, as I informed you, was to leave the opera and forfeit a large sum, changed her mind at the last moment, and concluded to remain. She brings to the operatic force the questionable assistance of a somewhat jaded voice as well as dramatic power. The *Sicilian Vespers*, by Verdi, is announced for the middle of the month of May, and report speaks more than favorably of it.

At the *Italiens* we have had the first representations of a serious opera by Pacini—*Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*. Our duty as a chronicler compels us to say that it was not a brilliant performance, although its rendering was excellent. You are familiar with Pacini. He is an old musician, for whom the success of sixty operas in Italy has secured to him, on the other side of the Alps, a reputation of the highest order. Although a disciple, if not a too servile imitator, of Rossini, he is at best but a pale reflection of this great master. Paris is but slightly acquainted with him. The two operas by him formerly played here did not succeed, and, unfortunately, *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie* has not met with a better fate. M. le Colonel Ragani produced it to gratify his patrons' incessant demand for novelty, and he doubtless believed that this work by Pacini would meet with the same success as *Il Trovatore*—but he was mistaken—and we regret it. Beaucardé, Mme. Borghi, Manio and Mme. Bosio, in their parts, displayed both study and talent. Mme. Bosio is an enchantress—she gilds whatever she touches.

At the *Théâtre Français*, an other magician, Mlle. Rachel, secured the success of an indifferent piece by M. Scribe, called *La Czarine*. It combines both comedy and play. The name of the author indicates at once that style, sentiment, and historic truth, are treated with an incredible license. M. Scribe wields a nimble pen, and one truly *spirituelle*, but it would seem that while writing a piece, he must be thinking of matters foreign to his subject. In his dramas, the characters are like puppets who move at his bidding, but who do not seem to be prompted by the impulse of their own ideas, interests, or passions. These defects, and perhaps many others, may be perceived in *La Czarine*. On the other hand, this comedy has the usual qualities of M. Scribe's productions; it is rapidly given, it abounds in well-constructed scenes, in unexpected incidents—in a word, it is amusing. In Paris, the public demands nothing more; and if a piece always amuses, it is, in their eyes, a masterpiece; *La Czarine* therefore draws. It is true that Catherine, Mlle. Rachel (notwithstanding a somewhat heavy diction), obtains at every representation—with the aid of the magnificent costumes she wears—a double success—a success which belongs both to the woman and the actress. Her fine action, her queenly attitudes, the lighting of her eye, and the fascination of her smile, are the admiration both of sculptors and painters; while the exquisite tone of her voice, and the depth of feeling that she throws into her acting, enrapture poets, women and the youthful world, all, in fact, who have a heart capable of tender emotions. Rachel is an actress doubly gifted: she possesses a command of tears, and the scathing power of the bitterest irony—

she is at once both terrible and attractive. But, why expatiate? She is about to depart for a distant hospitable land which awaits her. Prepare beforehand your coronals, my friends, for soon she will come, see, and conquer! MANTZ.

WHILE passing a winter in Leipzig, a soprano singer of uncommonly beautiful voice was singing at the *Gewandhaus* concerts where she had that season made her début. She had, thus far, not been as successful in this severe test-school of artists as she had wished, or her voice or execution seemed to warrant. This lady being of a timid and modest nature, generally sang with her head slightly down and her eyes bent upon the music. Residing in the same house with her, she frequently spoke of her degree of success in the concerts, and lamented that it was not greater. We ventured one day to suggest a thought to her:—that the attention of no audience can long be fixed upon a lifeless face—and the face is lifeless unless illumined by the eye—that she should therefore try the effect of learning the music so well as almost to be independent of the notes (entirely if possible), and then, stand erect, give the audience her eye, and let that speak to them as well as the tone of her voice. She tried it, and at the next concert the effect was electrical—she appeared like another person; and from that moment her success was at least double what it had been. She often afterward expressed her gratitude for our hint—which any one of the audience could as well have given her: simply letting her see herself as others saw her. This lady subsequently sang in London (for which sphere the *Gewandhaus* concerts are generally the trial-school) and with very marked success.

Jenny Lind frequently (we often felt assured) fairly magnetized the audience with her eye. Fancy her, or Grisi, or any other great singer going through a whole *cavatina* and never once giving the audience her eye. How doubtful would be the effect produced! And a lady singer need not necessarily stare at an audience, or gaze boldly about her: but simply have the eye elevated, so the audience can see it. The *rapt* look which Jenny Lind often had, particularly when singing sacred music, like *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, when her eye seemed fixed upon some particular point above the audience, was not one of the least (perhaps unconscious) causes of her immense success.—*Musical World*.

We have to record the death of Baron George Spiller von Hauenschild (better known by his literary *nom de guerre* Max Waldau), one of the most promising and aspiring among the younger poets of Germany. Not quite thirty years old, he was snatched away, on the 20th of January, by typhus, at his family estate Tscheidt, near Bauerwitz, in Upper Silesia. A warm and noble heart—a glowing imagination—an abundance of bold and original thought, and a restless and energetic sympathy with the interests of progress and humanity, are laid low with this young poet. His works are not without their faults, but they are the faults of youth and genius which would, no doubt, have disappeared if fate had but allowed him to present his country with the productions of a more ripened age. His two novels "*Nach der Natur*" (1850), and "*Aus der Junkerwelt*" (1851), made a name for him; besides these, he leaves a canzone, "*O diese Zeit!*" (1850), a poetical tale "*Cordula*" (1851), and his last work "*Rahab, ein Frauen, bild aus der Bibel*" (1854). His translation of Silvio Pellico's "*Francesca da Rimini*" is also to be mentioned. In the last period of his life he was occupied with a novel, "*Aimery, der Jongleur*," a tale of the Troubadours.—*Athenæum*.